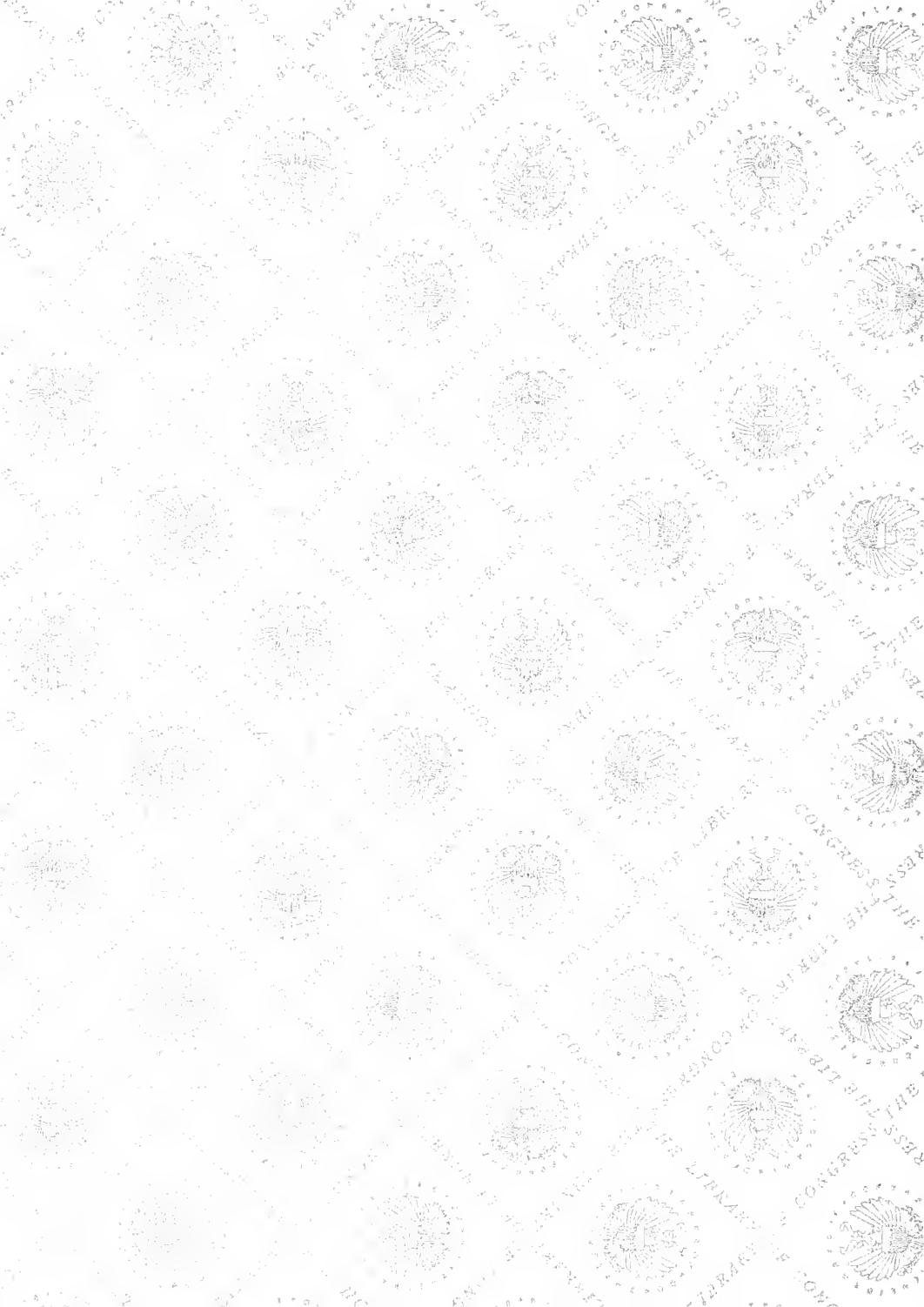


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Adm. Gen. Rogers

Sam. H. Rogers

Wife of

Mr. Rogers Home

He was a Justice

the United States

in twenty seven

His Lordship

his constant companion

his son Mr. J. H.

and his wife





Yours very truly
George R. Howell

In Loving Memory

OF

GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL, M.A.

AND HIS SON

GEORGE SEYMOUR HOWELL



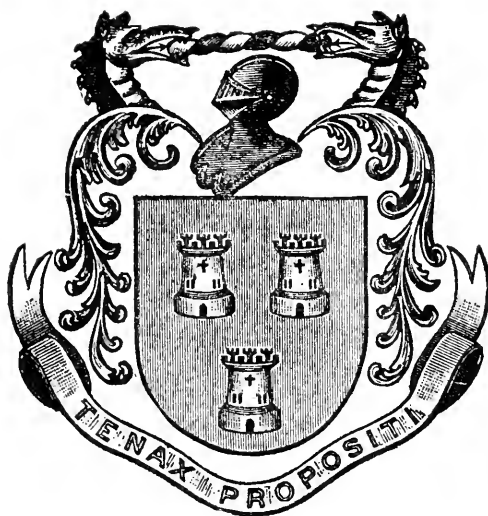
“YOU THINK US DEAD.
WE ARE NOT DEAD.
WE ARE THE LIVING.”

1918

1918

1918

THE LIBRARY
OF CONGRESS



The above coat of arms, (with the exception of the motto) is taken from three impressions of the seal of Col. MATTHEW HOWELL, attached to his original will, dated October 13, 1704, and now on file in the New York Surrogate's office. This plainly showed the arms, as brought to this country by the first settler.

A KING.

It is more than being great
At the random rule of fate,
To lie as he lies here,
Very awful and austere,
It is more than being wise
To repose with placid eyes,
And know not of the wild world that it cries,
cries, cries!

Look ye now and answer true
If it be as well with you,
That fret and sweat and sin
For the flesh ye weary in,
As with him that bates his breath,
And what empty words it saith,
To attain the life diviner, which is death, death, death.

What of pleasure shall he miss,
With that sovereign ease of his?
What of pain shall reach his ken,
With that marble scorn of men?
Though ye praised him in a psalm,
Though ye smote him of your palm,
Shall ye call him from this haughty sleep and
calm, calm, calm?

Lo, his dumb face turns ye dumb
If to look at him ye come,
Who hath found in cold eclipse
A superb Apocalypse!
Who has had the last bad thing
The deciduous days may bring,
Who is crowned as none but Death could crown him,
king, king, king!

EDGAR FAWCETT.

Tributes of Respect

FROM WILLIAM S. PELLETREAU, A. M.

In the spring of 1640 a colony of men from Lynn, Massachusetts, settled a new town upon Long Island and called it Southampton.

The leader and promoter of the new colony was Edward Howell, a native of Marsh Gibbon, in Buckinghamshire, England, born July, 1589. He was the son of Henry Howell, and grandson of William Howell, of Wedon, County of Bucks. Edward Howell, a gentleman by birth, and a descendant of honored and honorable ancestry, remained the recognized leader of Southampton till the time of his death in 1655. He came to America in 1639, bringing with him his children, John, Edward, Margaret, Richard, Arthur, Edmund and Margery. Edward Howell, the second son, was born in 1626, and married Mary, daughter of Rev. Robert Fordham, for many years the minister of Southampton. Among their children was a son, Joseph Howell, born 1651. He married Lydia Stocking, of Connecticut. They were the parents of Zebulon Howell, born 1694, who married Amy, daughter of Samuel Butler. Their son Zebulon Howell, Jr., was born in 1721, and married Joanna, daughter of John Howell (grandson of Major John), and was the father of Captain Oliver Howell, born 1764, died 1805. Captain Oliver Howell married in 1792, Mehitabel, daughter of Captain Stephen Rogers. They were the parents of Captain Charles Howell, born Sept. 9, 1801, and married Mary, daugh-

ter of Captain Matthew Rogers, June 11, 1831. Captain Charles Howell was a very prominent and honored citizen of Southampton till the time of his death which occurred Dec. 8, 1888. He was a man of great personal dignity and decision of character, and a worthy descendant of illustrious ancestry. Mrs. Mary Howell, the partner of his life, was a lady of the greatest intelligence and distinguished for amiability of disposition. Her father, Matthew Rogers, was of a family identified with the history of Southampton from its earliest days. Mrs. Howell died, lamented by all who knew her, August 1, 1867.

George Rogers Howell, the subject of this memorial, was the oldest son of Captain Charles Howell, and was born in Southampton, June 15, 1833. By the various marriages of his ancestors, he was connected with almost all of the old families of the town, and his early efforts to trace this extended relationship was the origin of the work which must always remain a monument to his memory. His early education was obtained at the public school, and continued at Southampton Academy, which for many years held a high rank among the educational institutions of the State, but ruined by sad neglect in its later years. After a careful preparation, Mr. Howell entered the Sophomore Class in Yale College in 1851, graduating in 1854. Having decided to prepare himself for the Christian ministry, he entered Princeton Theological Seminary in September, 1861. Previous to that he had held a position as teacher in various Academies in the State. Upon leaving the Seminary he became the pastor of the Presbyterian Church in Moscow, Livingston Co., N. Y. About this time an event occurred which shaped the whole course of his future career. From his early boyhood he felt a deep interest in the history of his native town,

and the genealogies of its ancient families. At that time the records in the Town Clerk's office, though preserved as by a miracle, were in a most chaotic condition. A roll of loose leaves of what had once been a book, and which no town clerk for generations had been able to read, contained all of our ancient history. To decipher these ancient records was to him a labor of love, and to collect everything available regarding family histories, was the employment of all his leisure time. In 1865 the 225th anniversary of the settlement of Southampton was celebrated, and at the request of his fellow citizens Mr. Howell delivered an historical address, and in the following year was published his "Early History of Southampton." This book was issued under most unfavorable circumstances. Public interest was not fully awakened to the importance of the subject, and works upon local history and genealogy were not sought after with that avidity that is characteristic of the present age. With the exception of the brief and meager sketches of Wood and Thompson, it was the first "Town History" printed in Suffolk County, and as such it could not fail to attract attention. The second edition, enlarged, corrected and improved, appeared in 1887, and to that Southampton and Long Island are under a debt of gratitude that will never be fully paid.

In 1865 the fame of Mr. Howell as a student and a scholar was known in the West, and he was offered the presidency of a college in Iowa, which his engagements compelled him to decline. He taught at Pottstown, Pa., in 1867, was principal of boys' school at Lakeville, Conn., in 1869, and at Mount Morris, N. Y., in 1870 and 1871. In 1872 at the suggestion of Mr. S. B. Woolworth, he was asked on account of his skill and linguistic abilities to accept the position of Assistant Librarian of

the New York State Library at Albany. The long illness and death of Dr. Holmes, made him the acting librarian as well as the assistant, and he made himself invaluable. His peculiar abilities found their full scope for action, possessing, as he did, not only natural talent, but a most intimate knowledge of books in general. His suggestions were of great value in developing the resources of the immense collection of books and manuscripts belonging to the State. He was an expert in translating and deciphering curious and indistinct sentences in all languages, and his decisions were accepted by the highest authorities without question.

While here he was the editor and compiler of an elaborate History of "Albany and Schenectady Counties," a lasting monument of his skill and learning.

Mr. Howell was, for over fifteen years, Secretary of the Albany Institute, founded in 1793, and during his long and faithful service to that organization, he delivered many able addresses which are published in their "Transactions," and many of which attracted the attention of leading newspapers and periodicals throughout the State. Among these should be especially mentioned "Who Opened the Port of Japan?" and "The Original Meaning of English and Dutch Surnames of New York State Families," The Fourteenth Volume of New York Colonial Documents was almost wholly prepared by him. Mr. Howell assisted in organizing and founding the "Order of Founders and Patriots of America," and recognizing his prominence as an authority, his compatriots elected him to be their "Historian General," which position he held until he died. A few years before his death he delivered an address before the New York Society on "The Date of the Settlement of the Colony of New York," which was published and widely circulated.

In 1885 the University of Yale conferred upon Mr. Howell the degree of Master of Arts.

As an amusement in leisure hours, during the last years of his life, he wrote an interesting work of fiction entitled "Noah's Log Book," of which a second edition was printed. Among his poetical writings, "Hail to the Flag" received national recognition. His connection with the State Library naturally led to his being elected a member of various Historical Societies, by whom his life work was fully appreciated.

On August 18, 1868, Mr. Howell was married to Miss Mary Seymour, daughter of Norman and Frances Hale (Metcalf) Seymour, of Mount Morris, Livingston Co., N. Y. Mrs. Howell as well as her husband is well known in the literary and social world, and has been especially active in prosecuting the cause of woman suffrage. Their only child, George Seymour Howell, died while a student at Harvard University in March, 1891. A few years before his decease, Mr. Howell, with his son, made a visit to the home of his ancestors in England, and collected much additional information, which is embodied in the second edition of his "History of Southampton."

After a brief illness, his life work well finished, Mr. Howell passed away from earth, April 5, 1899, and by his decease the City of Albany lost a useful and honored citizen, and the State a valued and trusted official. After due and proper honors to his memory his mortal remains were laid to their final rest in the cemetery at Mount Morris, N. Y., by the side of his only son.

When Mark Anthony came to deliver his oration over the dead body of Julius Cæsar, he gives as his reason :

"He was my friend, faithful and just to me,—
Therefore come I to speak in Cæsar's funeral."

We are not here to speak of one who was while living a ruler of the world, nor of one who was murdered by treacherous and relentless foes. Least of all can we aspire in the slightest degree to the lofty eloquence which Shakespeare puts in the mouth of the Roman orator, but we can say with as much truth as he did and with as willing a heart, "He was my friend, good and just to me," and therefore I esteem it a high privilege to speak a few words in honor of his memory. The men who increase the knowledge of the world, and the men who preserve for future generations the knowledge already gained, deserve to be held in equal honor. Of the latter class our friend was an honored member. He preserved for his native town what would otherwise have been lost forever, and has left a monument more lasting than bronze or marble; a work that will increase in value as time goes on. Nothing in this universe, either of the matter that composes it, or the force that impels it, can ever be lost. The dew drop rises from the ocean, it falls as dew or rain upon the hill top, it runs into the rill, that runs into the brook, that runs into the river, that runs into the sea. Ages will pass, and generations upon generations of mortals will fade away. But so sure as the world remains the day will come when the dew drop will rise again from its ocean home. It will fall again upon the hill top, and again find its way to the rill, the brook and the river and begin once more its journey to the sea. So the life work too often unappreciated in the present, becomes the glory of the future, growing brighter and brighter from year to year.

WILLIAM S. PELLETREAU.

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I.



GEORGE R. HOWELL.

1884.

FROM HON. HENRY P. HEDGES.

George Rogers Howell graduated from Yale College in 1854. Soon after that, as Principal of the Academy in Bridge Hampton, and of Clinton Academy in East Hampton, I knew him as a scholarly man, with literary likings, benevolent tendencies, quiet, patient habits, historical proclivities and genealogical drift. As a teacher his great patience and benevolence contributed to considerable success. Yet other endowments and associations were destined to direct his course into other lines of thought and achievement. His powers of mind were large, with a momentum, impelling onward movement as a law of his being.

Intellectual acquirement gave impetus to still greater acquirement and achievement, and thus still ever onward and upward, with ever increasing stores of knowledge, and desire ever increasing, and growing by that on which it fed; a longing for learning, widening, deepening and dilating. This mental characteristic, the controlling moving force in the make up of George R. Howell, I early discovered. In the antiquarian field the writer had wrought some years previous to his friendly acquaintance with Mr. Howell, and hence the channels of thought, the lines of study, the identity of logic, led to congenial companionship; and friendly social converse, and an extended correspondence, covering many years and ending only with his death.

The strong, tenacious memory, the large world of reading, the inquiring modes of thought, the wide scope of view, the spontaneous movement of reason, the power to marshal and arrange facts, made him naturally an antiquarian, a genealogist and a historian. He loved intellectual work for work's sake.

There are few who dare undertake the arduous career of the historian. He must have memory tenacious as iron, a courage no amount of labor can appall, a love of truth no temptation can overcome, patience Job like, a satisfaction in toil that is its own otherwise unrequited reward—and all these George R. Howell had—and all this his history of Southampton attests. Without the history and genealogy an immense void would be unfilled. Facts, events, legend, tradition would have gone into oblivion. As a historian, genealogist and scholar, few men in the Empire State have done more to cherish, secure and record whatever would illustrate her past.

As an annalist he was equipped with all natural and acquired endowment, and with a systematic balance of mental constitution and a sound judgment; he was worthy of the position of State Librarian, which he so admirably filled. He was above all low acts. He lived in a world of truth, honor and spiritual exaltation. He loved righteousness and hated iniquity. His religion was less in profession than practice, more in heart than tongue. For what he was, and for what he has done, his memory is worthy of enduring remembrance and of grateful regard.

H. P. HEDGES.

BRIDGE HAMPTON, July 27, 1900.

[Hon. Henry P. Hedges, for many years Judge of Suffolk County, and member of the Legislature, and well known as a learned historian and jurist, was one of the fellow townsmen of Mr. Howell and one of his ablest supporters in his historical labors, making his tribute doubly valuable.]

GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL, M. A.

By LOCKWOOD R. DOTY.

(Address before the Livingston County Historical Society.)

In the death of George Rogers Howell, which occurred at Albany, April 5, 1899, this society has suffered a distinct loss, not alone in the honor which his connection with the society implied, but in his active personal relation to it. Devoted to genealogical research, he found in his own family history an abundant and honorable field of exploration. His ancestor, Edward Howell, came to America from England in 1639, and became the leader of the colonists who made the first English settlement in the State of New York, at Southampton, in 1640. Edward was the descendant of William Howell, who flourished in Bucks County, England, and died in 1557. Thus for nearly 400 years could Mr. Howell trace his lineage through an ancestry whose importance is evidenced by the family arms carven upon the old headstones in the Southampton cemetery. Mr. Howell was born at Southampton on the 15th day of June, 1833, son of Charles and Mary (Rogers) Howell. His education was commenced in the district school and continued at the academy at Southampton. He entered the sophomore class at Yale College in 1851, at the age of eighteen, and graduated there in 1854. After graduation, he occupied himself as a teacher in academies until 1861, when he determined to become a Christian minister, and for that purpose entered Princeton Theological Seminary, from which he graduated. While a teacher he was a student as well, and applied himself to the study of the sciences and languages, in which he took especial interest. His first assignment in the ministerial field was as stated supply of the Presbyterian

Church at Moscow, in this County, where he served for about two years. He found it agreeable in the midst of his other work to keep in touch with his birthplace through frequent contributions to the newspapers and periodicals of Long Island, and this circumstance made his selection to deliver the historical address upon the celebration of the 225th anniversary of the settlement of Southampton, in 1865, particularly appropriate, and, as it proved, important in its consequences. The address was received with such favor as to justify its publication later on under the title of "The Early History of Southampton, Long Island, with Genealogies," and it constituted the first comprehensive account of that historically interesting locality. The marked literary ability of the author and his learning and capacity for research were so manifest by this work as to establish his reputation as a scholar and writer, and direct his attention more seriously to literary pursuits. He was offered the presidency of a college in Iowa in 1865, but this he was forced to decline. Until 1872 he was for the most part engaged in educational work, and in that year was offered the position of Assistant Librarian in the New York State Library, at Albany, an appointment for which it was universally acknowledged he was in an extraordinary measure equipped. He accepted the position, and during the illness of Dr. Homes the duties of librarian and assistant devolved upon him. The appointment opened to Mr. Howell the most congenial and useful field for his great talents and energy. His knowledge of books was so remarkable that a prominent citizen of Albany has said of him: "His familiarity with the many thousands of volumes in the Library was something wonderful; during the ten years in which I have been in use of books there, I have never known him to make a single mistake or spend a moment's unnecessary time in obtaining the

precise book I needed, and I have wanted many and various volumes." His general scholarship; his familiarity with many languages and the sciences; his ability as an antiquary, and his genius for arrangement, made him an invaluable acquisition to the Library, and he took a commanding part in the development of the resources of that institution during the quarter of a century of his connection with it, and within his domain he was regarded as an authority from whose decision there was no appeal. The position of State Archivist was created for him and this position he held at the time of his death.

In spite of the exacting duties of his position, Mr. Howell identified himself actively with various societies for the advancement of learning and investigation, and found leisure to deliver many addresses before these societies and contribute to the literature of his day the fruit of profound study and observation, through the medium of vigorous and graceful English. He was for many years Secretary of the Albany Institute, a literary and scientific society second only in age, repute and wealth to the Historical Society of New York; he was appointed the Historian General of the Order of Founders and Patriots of America, of which he was a charter member and which he assisted in organizing; he was besides a member of the New England Historic Genealogical Society; Troy Scientific Association; the New York Historical Society; New York Genealogical and Biographical Society; Historical Society of Pennsylvania; Historical Society of Wisconsin; the Colonial Society of Southampton Town; the Livingston County Historical Society and many others. His versatility was no less marked than his profound learning. He published an elaborate "History of Albany and Schenectady Counties" and in later years "Noah's Log Book," a work of fiction that quickly ran through two editions. He had

completed at the time of his death a delightful book for children, which he regarded as his best work, and poetry now and then was his handmaiden. The title of some of his addresses will suggest the very wide range of subjects which were discussed by Mr. Howell with equal facility: "Heraldry in England and America," "Who Opened the Port of Japan," "A Lost Chapter of History Recovered," "Cryptography, a Relic of the Civil War," "Shakespeare or Bacon," "The Open Polar Sea," "Evidences of the French Discoveries in New York Previous to the Colonization of the Dutch," "Heraldry in the New Capital at Albany," "The Dark Day of 1883," "Linguistic Discourses," "African Explorations," "Pre-Columbian Discoveries of America by the Welsh," "The Original Meaning of English and Dutch Surnames of New York State Families," "Epitome of Albany History," and many others.

Mr. Howell was married in 1868 to Mary Catharine Seymour, daughter of Norman Seymour, of Mount Morris, for many years Secretary and ex-President of this society. Mrs. Howell is well known in the literary and social world and has been very prominently associated with the cause of woman suffrage. His only child, a son, George Seymour, died while a student at Harvard University, in March, 1891.

The members of this Society will recall the very learned and interesting address on the subject of "New Solutions of Old Problems" delivered by Mr. Howell at the annual meeting of this Society in 1895, and the interest which he displayed in our celebration of the anniversary of the Treaty of Big Tree, by bringing with him from Albany valuable treaties and documents for public exhibition.

Men whose learning is their profession often become so immersed in study as to be indifferent to the amenities of life, but

with Mr. Howell this was not the case. His predominant characteristic was modesty, and he never was so absorbed as to dismiss that constant amiability and geniality which endeared him to young and old. He was warm hearted and companionable and possessed a fine sense of humor which was never at variance with the dignity of the polished gentleman.

I can close this slight tribute to a good man no more appropriately than in the words of one of his friends and biographers: "For years Mr. Howell was an intellectual and moral force in the life of Albany. He gave an impulse to culture, to Christian goodness and to a spiritual faith, which will long survive him. The world takes the fragrance of his personality into its memory and its sympathy."



TOMBSTONE OF MAJOR JOHN HOWELL, SOUTHAMPTON.

GEORGE R. HOWELL.

A Tribute from MRS. LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

My long friendship with Mrs. Howell brought me often into pleasant intercourse with her husband, the late George R. Howell, so that I learned to know and value him for his many high qualities of mind and heart. First of all his devotion to his wife was most beautiful to see. Never failing and always admiring, he not only looked to her as his gracious companion but regarded with commendable pride her attainments in literature and her successes in public life.

In recalling his personality it comes before me most vividly during the month that he once spent at Point o' Woods, where I have my summer home. He was so joyous in being relieved from all care, so like a great boy as he strolled through the groves in search of rare plants or breasted the waves with vigorous strokes amid the breakers. He was a man of high attainments, an accomplished scholar not only in the usual lines of the well educated, but in many out-of-the-way directions. He was an enthusiastic botanist and threw more light on the flora at our place than any one had ever been able to do before. Many a summer morning when his wife would be sitting on the piazza we would see him swinging along the board-walk with his hands full of odd plants which he had discovered and on which he would discourse to us most learnedly.

Another memory of him is in the State Library at Albany, where he was so many years the great authority. Often persons who came when he chanced to be away from his post refused to be waited upon by any one except him if the works needed were

at all out of the way, for his knowledge of the library was admittedly greater than that of any one there. Year by year he had seen the books placed and he knew every one even to a mastery of the contents.

He was the most genial of men, with an ever ready smile and a kind word, and his going, while he was yet in his prime, has left a gap in the hearts of all who had the privilege of knowing him well.

LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE.

AND SO HE GAVE MY BELOVED SLEEP.

Suddenly, Wednesday morning, at 10:30, April 5, 1899, George Rogers Howell passed from this material life to the abiding and spiritual home.

I would like to give a tribute to this man who gave me his love and name and made my life on this earth a foretaste of Heaven. Yet so closely was his life intertwined with mine that this earthly separation has well nigh paralyzed hand and brain. To think of him without his bodily presence causes anguish unutterable, to write of him opens all the floodgates of sorrow afresh.

But I would give a glimpse of his home life which was his real life. His even disposition and cheerfulness filled every nook and corner of the house in which he lived. Every one with whom he came in contact felt his genial soul. He seemed absolutely forgetful of self in serving others and was never too busy or too tired to help any person who needed aid, sacrificing himself at all times and in all things for the good of his family and friends.

He was a man of great learning, reading ten languages, of brilliant literary attainments, a scholar in the perfect sense of the word, an historian to be relied on, and yet he was as simple as a child. He possessed the childlike spirit that made him so fit for Heaven. His very simplicity told he was great, for greatness is always unknown to its possessor.

Utterly devoid of jealousy, he trusted his friends and loved them to the end. His companions of early days were cherished with a tender regard. He often spoke of them in the twilight

hour, especially those who in their youth disdained the rude world's strife and sought the calm of Heaven.

Coming from a long line of noble ancestry he was always the gentleman in every walk of life, but although strong in his affections he did not like too great familiarity. He loved solitude and nature. He knew the name of every tree and plant and bird.

Born by the seaside, he loved the ocean. Every summer he hastened to it as to an old friend. He never tired watching its restless moaning waves or listening to the beating of its mighty heart. He was an expert swimmer, knowing how to battle with the surf when high or to gain pleasure and efficacy when low.

His nature so full of melody and perfectly attuned loved music. He was an organist, a composer of music and possessed a tenor voice of rare sympathetic quality.

Entering Yale College in the Sophomore year, he graduated at twenty-one years of age, and became a successful teacher, then an eloquent preacher and beloved pastor.

But his classic and historic knowledge attracted attention, and in 1872 he was called to the New York State Library, where for nearly thirty years he gave to the State his services, first as Assistant State Librarian, then as Librarian, and at last as State Archivist, his knowledge of genealogy and heraldry making him pre-eminent in that department.

An author and lawyer from Albany writes me: "I cannot but mourn the loss of the only one who knew the resources of that 'great organ' the State Library. No one knew it as he did and many of its finest tones must remain unheard, because no one now knows what stops to pull."

A teacher in that city said he was the only one connected with the Library who knew the inside of the books as well as the outside.

He was greatly beloved in Albany and was always called Dr. Howell. Some one was asked once, "Where did he get LL. D.?" and the answer was, "no college gave it to him but an entire city by common consent, which is a much greater compliment to his literary attainments and a testimony of the love of the people, than given by a college often sought for by the one on whom it is bestowed."

His spirit could hold nothing narrow and in his religious life he opened the windows of his soul and welcomed the truth in any form. He firmly believed that the dear ones, called dead, are near us at times. This he very beautifully expressed in the close of a poem written by him and read at the last meeting of the Yale class he attended in 1894.

"All are not here who met on that commencement day—
Who knows they're not? Who knows our limits? Who shall say
They are not with us though unseen by mortal eye?
The soul that made life what it was—that did not die.
There stands, methinks, between two classmates, one now immortal
Who many years ago passed through the golden portal!
Upon their shoulders rest his hands in tender greeting;
Another and another—why, they all are at our meeting.
There is one who fell beside Stone River clasping hands
With him who died at Gettysburg—they say the bands
Of friendship pure are stronger far than civil strife;
And hatred, passion, war are ended with our life.
Heroes and brothers once, are heroes, brothers still,
Though clad in blue or gray, the law of love fulfill.
In memory of those who've reached the other shore,
And love for all surviving, we pledge to Fifty-four."

This belief was a sustaining power when our only child, George Seymour Howell, died at Harvard University, March 9, 1891, in his junior year, having just passed his majority. He loved his college, and as President of the Freshman Glee Club his favorite song was "Fair Harvard."

He was like his beloved father in form, features, mentality and disposition, a young man of great promise, of lofty character and our hope for the coming years.

But my husband held unfalteringly that God knew what was best and that though our family circle was broken, the dear son was often with us. In those dark days he never wavered but with crushed anticipations and a heart nearly broken he was the same steadfast soul enduring as seeing the invisible.

His last and almost the only illness of his life was sudden and short. He talked little during those forty-eight hours of intense suffering. One thing he said to me:—"This is a strange life. We spend our years trying to find out what our ancestors did. Then we try to do something for ourselves—and then we too die and are forgotten." After a few minutes he spoke again as if answering a thought:—"But there are two things that will live after I am dead—my History of Southampton and my paper on the Settlement of New York."

These he left for future generations and they will live centuries to come because of their historic facts and genealogies that will endure.

And he will live forever on the earth in his influence for truth, for right, for patriotism. He will live in the hearts of those who love him and will be remembered for the good he has done.

These are the things he has left as our priceless treasures. He carried with him to the Fatherland a life well spent, a

faith well kept. He carried with him from time to eternity well filled days, an upright heart and a spotless life.

He stood triumphant in that fair country that sunny morning on that bright spring day he left us, having walked through life bravely and joyfully, having made the earth fairer and sweeter for his footsteps, leaving a clean path with no shadow of wrong to himself or hurt to any soul.

In the quiet Greenwood of Mount Morris father and son rest side by side. Their tomb is on an eminence overlooking the beautiful valley of the Genesee. The rising sun bathes their graves each morning with its caressing light and lingers lovingly there as the day fades into twilight.

The summer flowers of blue and crimson surround their graves and the white shroud of winter's snow lies lightly on them.

But beyond time and tombs, beyond passing seasons, beyond sunrises and sunsets are the Yale scholar and the Harvard student, having graduated with the highest honors from earth to Heaven.

MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL.



Mary Seymour Howell.

Letters of Condolence

BRIDGEHAMPTON, L. I., N. Y., Aug. 3, 1900.

Mrs. MARY S. HOWELL:

ESTEEMED MADAM,—I am in receipt of an extract from the *Argus*, kindly sent me by yourself, reviewing the life and services of your late husband, for which please accept my thanks. I will attach it to a fly leaf of Howell's History of Southampton, that it may go down to my posterity as a memento of one of the descendants of the Pioneers of Southampton.

My wife is a descendant of that Edward Howell who led that Puritan band of North Sea and the "Old Town" hamlet of Southampton in June 1640.

I am the eighth generation from John Hand, pioneer settler of East Hampton in 1649, and on my mother's side of Wm. Hedges, another of the East Hampton pioneers. Allow me to say that my acquaintance with your worthy husband was intimate. He has visited me here in the bygone days, and I was at his request a contributor to his History of Southampton. I deplore his loss very much. He was everything that is worthy, an antitype of his most worthy ancestors, a Christian, a scholar, patriot and friend. May I not say of him "Hail and farewell!"

Very sincerely yours,

ORLANDO HAND.

[Major Orlando Hand, of Bridge Hampton, as a fellow townsman of Mr. Howell, took a deep interest in his life work, and was one of the few who could fully appreciate it.]

SHERWOOD, April 28, 1899.

DEAR MRS. HOWELL: Ever since the word of your great bereavement came I have been meaning to write and express my sympathy. I hesitated because I felt my inability to say anything that could be of comfort in such a sorrow. All that one can do, it seems to me, is to send to one's friend assurance of continued love and trust. My heart goes out to you in sympathy that is too deep for words. To emerge just a little from one sorrow only to be plunged into another seems oh, *so hard!*

You were remembered affectionately at the Mid-Year Conference of the State Board and the enclosed resolutions were voted sent to you.

Most cordially yours,

ISABEL HOWLAND.

(Sec. of New York State Woman Suffrage Association.)

FROM THE PRESIDENT OF ALBANY INSTITUTE.

ALBANY, April 5th, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL:—Permit me to tender you my earnest sympathy in your great bereavement.

The death of your husband, following so swiftly the announcement of his illness, has greatly shocked me. He was one of the most learned and best equipped of historians and linguists, and his knowledge has been an ornament to the University of the State.

I shall have the pleasure in recalling that all of my intercourse with him has been of the most friendly and kindly character.

Very truly yours,

VERPLANCK COLVIN.

GLENS FALLS, N. Y., April 5th, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL :

Opening "The Evening Journal" this evening, my eye fell upon the sad announcement of your dear husband's death.

How sad, how inexpressibly sad, how sudden it is! I saw in last evening's paper that he was quite sick, but I knew that he was strong and I thought a good doctor would help him through. But God has ordained otherwise. God, in his wisdom and in his love, has taken him out of this world to a better service in another life. Let us not fail to believe this, dear friend. Let us not fail to believe that Our Father has infinite knowledge and infinite wisdom and infinite power and that his love is as infinite as any or either of these. God, Our Father, knows it all from the beginning. He knows just what is best for you and for your dear son and for your dear husband, and He has taken two of you to be with Him where soon He will send for you and for us all.

I have known your husband for many years, his useful life, his fidelity, his peculiar fitness for his place. No one in the library has been more attentive and kind to me. I loved to welcome him, and shall miss him greatly from his accustomed place. May God comfort you, my friend.

Most truly,

ANSON JUDD UPSON, D. D.

(Late Chancellor of Regents, now deceased.)

SOUTHAMPTON, L. I., April 8, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL:

I cannot tell you how surprised and pained I was to learn of the sudden death of your husband. His friendship was among those I most dearly prized, and one of my chief pleasures during the three winters I spent in Albany, and on my subsequent visits there, was that of his companionship. If it should be my lot to visit Albany again it would not seem like the same place without the presence of my lifetime friend.

I beg to express to you my sincerest sympathy in your great bereavement.

Most sincerely yours,

JAMES H. PIERSON.

[Hon. James H. Pierson, who was for three years member of the Legislature, was also a fellow townsman and schoolmate of Mr. Howell, and took an active part in erecting the tablet to his memory.]

Surely the tribute of a friend of long years gone by should have a place in a memoir of this kind.—That of one who can say—His was the purest, sweetest nature I ever knew, with a high degree of culture, a refinement that brooked not the thought of evil—acquirements that seemed to include something of everything worth knowing. Who could talk of the stars in their courses, yet dearly loved the little wild flower that grew at his feet. Ever loyal and true to his old time friends, long will that gracious presence be missed in the hearts and homes of those who knew, and knowing, loved him.

A FRIEND.

WILKES BARRE, PA., April 6, 1899.

TO MRS. MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL,

DEAR MADAM.—I saw a few lines in our daily paper announcing the death of your beloved and honored husband and my friend and classmate, in Princeton Theological Seminary, and I hasten to send this expression of my heart felt sympathy to you and yours who remain. The last time I saw Mr. Howell in his office, Oct. 31, 1898, he was so well and hearty that I congratulated him on the prospects of a long term of life yet before him. We exchanged the last book each had published, his "Noah's Log Book," and my "Eden's Sunny Slopes." I had no thought then that he would so soon go before us into the upper Paradise. He showed me the dedication of his book to his wife and I remarked I had dedicated mine to my wife. The world seems so much poorer since he is gone. May the blessed Comforter who came so quietly in and filled so perfectly the place made vacant by the departure of the Christ, tarry always with you all, and fill the place made vacant in your home and hearts, until the day break, and all the shadows flee away forever and we shall meet, you, your mate, and I, my classmate, and be forever together, and with our Lord.

Your in sorrow and loss,

REV. PETER H. BROOKS.

158 Elm St., ALBANY, N. Y., April 9, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL.—You will be glad to know that the flowers were fresh and beautiful this morning. At first I placed them, as you suggested, in Mr. Howell's seat, resting against the pillar; but at the request of the lady who arranged the church flowers, I let her fasten the lilies in the rack where the long spray curved to the top of the pew and down in a graceful half wreath. She thought it a most appropriate memorial to Mr. Howell with his strong love of nature's beauty, and was delighted that the thought had suggested itself to you. Her tasteful placing of the flowers carried the same thought to every one in that part of the church.

I hope you are not ill from the terrible shock and strain of the past few days. I think of you often with the deepest sympathy.

With kindest remembrances to Mr. Seymour and love to yourself,

Most sincerely yours,

MAY SEYMOUR.

[The flowers alluded to were sent by the Regents. They were used by Miss Seymour (of the State Library) for decorating Mr. Howell's pew in the Second Presbyterian Church.]

ELIZABETH ST., AUBURN, N. Y., April 17, 1899.

DEAR MRS. HOWELL,—

I want to write to tell you how sorry I am to think that I will never see my dear friend any more; we had such good times at Asbury Park one summer, and I have always hoped to see him again there some time, I enjoyed his letters so much,

and I wondered why he did not answer my last letter, and then we got the letter from Aunt Fan, telling why. I know you will miss him dreadfully, and I will miss his letters. I wish I had his last piece of music, do you know where mamma could send for it? I may not be able to learn to play it till I am a little older but I would like to have it very much.

Mamma sympathizes with you also in your trouble, and if you are ever in Auburn, we would be happy to have you come and see us. I will now close and with much love I am Mr. Howell's old lover

EMMA GRACE WRIGHT.
(Aged 10 years.)

Resolutions of Respect

ALBANY INSTITUTE.

Your committee, appointed to draft memorial resolutions in honor of our late secretary, George R. Howell, respectfully submit the following:

Resolved, that we, the members of the Albany Institute have heard, with sorrow, of the death of our fellow member and highly esteemed recording secretary, George R. Howell, who after a brief illness, was called from earth April 5th, 1899. For about fifteen years he had served the Institute faithfully as its secretary. He was regular in attending its meetings, careful in keeping its records and active in securing readers of papers for its consideration and discussion. He himself contributed papers of much interest and value, often served on committees and took a lively interest in the proceedings and welfare of the Institute. His knowledge was comprehensive and his studies covered a wide field, including languages, theology, science, literature and history. Though in early life he had prepared himself for the gospel ministry and had actually entered upon its labors, yet his literary attainments and his love of books were of such a character as to fit him especially for another field of labor, which he soon entered and in which, as assistant librarian and archivist of the New York State Library, much of his life work was performed. Here, for more than a quarter of a century, work to him was pleasure and duty a privilege.

We desire to express our high appreciation not only of his services as a member and an officer of the Institute, but also of his attainments as a scholar and of his genial, upright and noble Christian character as a man.

Resolved, That a copy of this minute be inscribed in the records of the Institute and that the secretary be requested to transmit a copy to his family.

Adopted May 2, 1899.

CHAS. H. PECK.
A. VANDER VEER.
E. PORTER FELT.



GEORGE R. HOWELL.

Æt. 21.

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., April 15, 1899.

Mrs. GEORGE R. HOWELL, Albany, N. Y.

DEAR MADAM,—At a meeting of the Colonial Society of Southampton held April 6, '99, the following preamble and resolution upon the death of Geo. R. Howell, a member of the Society, were passed and the Secretary requested to transmit a copy to you. In accordance with such resolution I herewith enclose a copy to you. Yours very truly,

HENRY A. FORDHAM, Secretary.

Preamble and Resolutions upon the death of George Rogers Howell, Historian, Librarian of the State of New York and one of its most prominent citizens.

Adopted at a meeting of The Colonial Society of Southampton Town, April 6, 1899, with the assurance that they are the expressions of regard, regret and sympathy of his fellow townsmen generally.

Whereas, God in the exercise of His divine will has removed from the scene of his earthly labors an associate and friend, George Rogers Howell, esteemed for his personal worth and honored for his usefulness in his chosen walk in life; eminent in the literature of history and scientific research which is beneficial to State and nation, and by his diligent endeavors to bring to light its history and the histories of the founders and their descendants, he has placed upon the people of Southampton—the place of his birth—a debt of gratitude that shall hold his name and his work in ever living remembrance, therefore be it

Resolved, That we the members of "The Colonial Society of Southampton Town," lamenting a loss that will so universally be felt; yielding to the inevitable destiny that awaits all men, extend to the bereaved family and friends our heartfelt sympathy.

Resolved, That a memorial tablet be prepared, enduring in quality and suitably inscribed to be placed in some appropriate place.

Resolved, That this preamble and resolutions be spread upon the minutes of the Society and that a copy be transmitted to the surviving members of the family and that they be published in the local newspapers.

NEW YORK SOCIETY
FOUNDERS AND PATRIOTS OF AMERICA.

At a meeting of the Albany Chapter of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, held April 6th, 1899, the following minute was adopted:

In the death of our Associate, George Rogers Howell which occurred April 5th, 1899, in the 66th year of his age, this Chapter and the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, of which he was the official historian, have sustained a great loss.

He was an original member of the Order and held an important place on the Committees for devising its motto, seal and insignia. Familiar with records, keen in research and accurate in statement, he had a peculiar aptitude for dealing with historic problems. The notable paper presented by him at the time of the organization of this Chapter and repeated before the New York Society on the date of the first settlement of New York by the Dutch, will long be remembered as a convincing revelation of forgotten facts and a contribution of rare value, to local history.

Mr. Howell's life work included some years of teaching and also a brief service as a Christian Minister, but he has been best known as a student of history. Two important books, the History of Albany County and the History of Southampton, Long Island, his native town, are monuments to his industry and skill in this direction and to the completeness of his literary work. He was a willing, enthusiastic and efficient helper of any one wishing to use the genealogic or other resources of the State Library, over which he presided for many years, and he endeared himself to all inquirers by his cordial interest in the questions submitted to him. He was in all things modest, earnest and devoted and will be sincerely mourned by those whose privilege it was to know him.

Placing this record on its minutes this Chapter extends its profound sympathy to his wife in her hour of sorrow commending her to the faithful care and comfort of the God of our fathers.

WILLIAM R. EASTMAN,
WILLIS G. TUCKER,
CHARLES F. BRIDGE, Committee.

NATIONAL-AMERICAN WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

Office of the President.

ROCHESTER, N. Y., April 6, 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL.—Can it be possible that the newspaper announcement of this morning is true? Can it be that your dear husband is "*gone but not lost*" to you?—That "*Dear Man*" of whom you so many times spoke to me during our recent visit at the dear friends—the Hookers—Saying, "Oh, Miss Anthony, you do not know how good and loving my dear husband is!" I wonder if your constant thought of him was a foreshadowing of his going to the other side?

How can you live without his great noble manhood to stay you up?—Of course you'll know that in spirit he is with you—but your very eyes cannot see him! But you will be brave—yes heroic—submit to the inevitable—and by and by, when you get your breath from this stunning blow, pick up your life, and go through without son, without husband, without father—without seemingly a hope—yet go forward working to make the world the better and better! Only your precious mother, the frailest of them all, left for you to cling to—yes your brothers, too!

Well my dear, my heart aches for you. If you are coming to Mount Morris, let me know, that I may go with you to the last resting place of that beautiful, manly, loving and loved husband. Again how can you—but again you must! Would that I could help you!

Affectionately and sympathizingly

SUSAN B. ANTHONY.

WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION OF
THE STATE OF NEW YORK.

Mrs. ELLA A. BOOLE, A. M., President, West New Brighton, S. I.

WEST NEW BRIGHTON, N. Y., April 8. 1899.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL.—Accept my sincerest sympathy in the desolating sorrow that has come to your home. I know what it means, and the worst of it is, it does not grow better as time goes by, but there is still that awful loneliness.

But God does comfort and help, and there are so many beautiful promises to the widow and the fatherless. May He bless and comfort you, who has promised to be “a very present help in time of trouble.”

With love and kindest sympathy,

Your friend,

ELLA A. BOOLE,

72 West Union St.

PENNSYLVANIA SOCIETY. ORDER OF FOUNDERS
AND PATRIOTS.

PHILADELPHIA, 6 April, 1899.

DEAR MADAM,—Your letter of 4th inst. is at hand and I beg to tender, on behalf of my colleagues and myself, our earnest and heartfelt sympathy in the illness of your husband. We trust most sincerely that your apprehensions may not be real-

ized, and that his life may long be spared to you and to the community who are so greatly indebted to him.

Though we have not had the honor of a personal acquaintance with him, his reputation and character are well known outside of the Order to which he and we belong. Our regret is not limited to the loss of his presence and words at our coming celebration alone. Should anything happen, it will be something that will be felt more deeply and widely. But the God of our fathers, whom they and we serve, has him in His care and keeping; and we hope and pray will turn away the shadow from his bedside and restore him to health again if it be His will.

Very respectfully,

CHARLES WURTS SPARHAWK.

[Mr. Howell was to have attended a meeting and dinner as the invited speaker of the Order but was prevented by his last illness.]

NEW YORK STATE WOMAN SUFFRAGE ASSOCIATION.

BUFFALO, N. Y., April 25, 1899.

Whereas, George R. Howell, the husband of our beloved co-worker, Mary Seymour Howell, has recently passed from the scenes of his active life here,

Therefore, Resolved, That we desire to express our high appreciation of his many noble qualities, his scholarly attainments, and his staunch advocacy of Woman Suffrage.

Resolved, That we send our heartfelt sympathy to Mrs. Howell in her great sorrow trusting that her unswerving faith in the Life Hereafter will be her comfort.

Resolved, That the Corresponding Secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Howell.

NEW YORK COUNTY WOMAN SUFFRAGE LEAGUE.

President—LILLIE DEVEREUX BLAKE,
210 West Fifty-ninth Street.

RESOLUTIONS ON THE DEATH OF GEORGE R. HOWELL.

Whereas we have heard with deep regret that Mr. George R. Howell, the husband of our beloved co-worker, Mary Seymour Howell, has suddenly passed from this life, therefore

Resolved, that we desire to record our appreciation of his high abilities, his many scholastic attainments, and his unswerving support of the cause to which his gifted wife has devoted her life and to express our regret that he has been called from his activities here while yet in the fulness of his powers.

Resolved, that we wish to send to our valued friend and associate in the cause of woman's enfranchisement, Mary Seymour Howell, our earnest sympathy in her great affliction, and our affectionate remembrances in this dark hour of bereavement.

Resolved, that the corresponding Secretary be instructed to send a copy of these resolutions to Mrs. Howell, at her home, 32 Lancaster Street, Albany.

At a meeting of the Suffolk, L. I., Historical Society, held in February, 1901, the following submitted by Rev. Ephraim Whitaker, D. D. was adopted:

The society recognizes with great regret the loss which our county and our State have suffered in the decease of George Rogers Howell, the Archivist of the Commonwealth of New York, the historian of Southampton, the courteous and scholarly friend of all who sought his efficient aid in the study of the men and the deeds of his native county of Suffolk.

It has been a tradition that Col. Matthew Howell died at Newtown, L. I., but Mr. William S. Pelletreau discovered the following notice in the "Boston News Letter" of May 27, 1706:

"Southampton on Long Island, May the 12. On Saturday the 4th currant dyed here Col. Mathew Howell Esq. much lamented."

Upon sending this notice to Mr. Howell, he received the enclosed characteristic reply.



Albany Oct. 18, 1891

Friend Will,

May be you are right -
about the place of Matthew
Howell's death - probably you are.
It only illustrates how little
reliance is to be given to tradition.
One of those descendants of his
in New York - I think it was
the grocer in Front St. N.Y.
told me that Matthew Howell
was not only a resident of Newton
but ~~died~~ & was buried there.
I think I saw somewhere

a statement that he died
there on his way home to Smith-
ampton from a session of
the Colonial legislature in
New York and so I wrote con-
sidering the tradition so far
verified. But mine eyes have
seen his tombstone in the
old Smithland burying ground
and it is there yet unless
certain cows have eaten it
up since my visit.

Yours truly

George R. Howell

REGENTS OFFICE, Albany, N. Y., December 24, 1901.

At a legal meeting of the Regents of the University of the State of New York, held at their office in the capitol in Albany, December 20, 1901, the following action was taken :

(Extracts from official minutes).

GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL.

Regent McKelway presented the following, which was adopted unanimously.

At this, the last meeting of the board for the year, we would express our sense of the loss which this body and the cause of learning sustained in the death of George Rogers Howell, lately the archivist of the state library under our charge. We record our admiration for his culture, our respect for his diligence, our affection for his character, our obligation to his service for the board and the public in every relation which he sustained to both, our sense of profound sorrow for his death, and of sincere sympathy with the circles of kinship and of friendship so sadly bereaved by his loss.

The secretary is requested to transmit this minute to Mrs. Howell, as the expression of the Regents and of the colleagues of Mr. Howell in the University.

JAMES RUSSELL PARSONS, JR.,

A true copy. Attest.

Secretary.

Editorials

From *Sag Harbor Express*, Sag Harbor, L. I. John H. Hunt, Editor.

GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL.

George Rogers Howell, a native of Southampton, L. I., but for some years State Librarian of the State of New York, died at Albany, N. Y., Wednesday of last week, of typhoid pneumonia, in the 66th year of his age. He was the son of Captain Charles and Mary Rogers Howell, and was born June 15th, 1833. A descendant of Edward Howell, one of the first settlers of the town, he always took a deep interest in the town affairs and in the town's people, and often would he return to the scene of his childhood and boyhood to attend the general town meetings and other public gatherings, that he might mingle with his many friends who there congregated.

Mr. Howell received the principal part of his early education at the old Southampton Academy, after which he went through Yale, graduating in the class of '54. After graduating he taught school for a spell, and at one time in old Clinton Academy at East Hampton, he then taking a theological course and preparing for the ministry at Princeton. He preached for a few years in Western New York, and several times he preached in the Presbyterian Church of this place when on a visit to his old home, but he soon left the ministry. He was offered a professorship in an Iowa College which he declined to accept, and in 1872 was made assistant librarian in the State Library at Albany. Here he made his services so valuable by close application to his duties, his research as a student, and

his power to please, that he was given the position of Chief Librarian in 1887, a position which he retained until the day of his death.

In 1868 he married Miss Mary Seymour, of Mount Morris, N. Y., by whom a son was born, which died when a young man in Harvard University. Mr. Howell was a great writer of, as well as a student in ancient literature. His writings have often been seen in the columns of this paper, as he has been an occasional contributor to it for many years. Among his published papers in book form can be found "Heraldry in America," "The Open Polar Sea," "Linguistic Discussions," the "Early History of Southampton," his native place, with genealogies, and his latest, a romance, entitled "Noah's Log Book."

His remains were not brought home to his native place, but were buried at Mount Morris last Friday, after the services of the Second Presbyterian Church at Albany.

From "*Sea Side Times*." Charles A. Jagger, Editor.

SOUTHAMPTON, N. Y., April 15, 1899.

OBITUARY.

GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL.

The decease of such a man as George R. Howell deserves more than a passing notice, and in him Southampton has lost one of her most distinguished sons. He was born in this village, the home of his honored ancestors for generations, June 15, 1833. Obtaining his preparatory education at the Academy, he entered Yale College and was graduated in 1854. For a

while he was engaged in teaching, and then entered Princeton Theological Seminary and was graduated in 1864. The principal field of his ministry was in western New York, but feeling that he had mistaken his true calling he relinquished it for the more congenial field of historical research, in which he won well merited fame. In 1872 he received an appointment as librarian in the N. Y. State Library where his peculiar talent found full scope for action, and some years later he was appointed State Archivist and held that position till the time of his death. From his earliest boyhood he was deeply interested in the history of Southampton. He was fully conscious of the fact, and it was to him a source of honest pride, that his honored ancestor, Edward Howell, was the acknowledged leader of the band that founded the settlement. When he began his researches no history of the ancient town had ever been written, unless we except the brief article in Thompson's *History of Long Island*, and the still briefer sketch of Silas Wood. A roll of loose leaves of what had once been a book, and which required the most patient effort to decipher, and which no Town Clerk for generations had been able to read, contained all of our early history. After a long period of the most careful research he published his "*History of Southampton*." This book was published under the most unfavorable circumstances. Public opinion had not been educated up to the point of fully appreciating it, and books on history and genealogy did not then command the respect and receive the favor now most readily given to them. It is not strange that the work met with much criticism from a class who were utterly unable to appreciate the labor that is involved in such an undertaking. In recent years a new and greatly improved edition has been printed and must ever remain a lasting monument to its

author's memory. In the wider field of State research his numerous writings are regarded as authorities not to be questioned and it is greatly to be regretted that his useful and laborious life could not have been spared to complete the extensive works upon which he was engaged. To the last Mr. Howell was a true son of Southampton. Unlike some of his collegiate contemporaries he never forgot the place of his birth and he never found himself a stranger in his native village, and as he once told the writer, Southampton was a place to which he never went without pleasure and never left without regret. Probably his last resting place will be far away from his early home, but his works, the result of untiring labor, will remain to keep his memory green for all time to come.

(WM. S. PELLETREAU.)

From Albany Journal (Editorial).

George Rogers Howell, who died yesterday, will be missed by all that knew him. It is safe to say that he had not an enemy. His disposition was kindly and even genial, and though he was devoted to his books he also kept himself well informed about current events and was always ready to discuss a topic of present interest. His learning was extensive and thorough, but if he prided himself on it the fact was never apparent. He was modest and unassuming. The Albany Institute loses one of its most valuable and valued members, and Albany a representative and public-spirited citizen. To Mrs. Howell will go out the sympathy of friends throughout the country.

From *Troy Times* (Editorial).

"Dr. George Rogers Howell, who died at Albany yesterday, (Wednesday) and who was the archivist of the state library, was one of those genial and patient men who are not worried by the hustling present out of their kindly and curious interest in the past. Dr. Howell was a scientific man, particularly adept in the departments of antiquities and languages. He had a literary bent, and wrote books and poems. The deceased was secretary of The Albany Institute for many years. He was a member of The Troy Scientific Association, and had delivered several lectures before that association. Only a few weeks ago a poem of patriotic sentiment, written by Dr. Howell for The Troy Times, appeared in these columns."

From *The Signal*, Babylon, L. I.

Rev. Dr. George Rogers Howell, Archivist of the State Library at Albany, and one of Suffolk County's most distinguished sons, died on Wednesday morning, at his home in Albany, aged 66 years. Typhoid-pneumonia was the cause of death. His illness was very brief—of scarcely forty-eight hours' duration. The deceased was born at Southampton, this county, and was the son of Charles and Mary (Rogers) Howell, and was descendant of one of the oldest Suffolk County families.

Mr. Howell was a frequent and valuable contributor to the *Signal*, and was a personal friend of the editor. We learn with unfeigned sorrow of his death, which terminates a life of more than ordinary usefulness. The funeral of Mr. Howell takes place today (Friday) at Albany with interment at Mt. Morris, N. Y.

(From the *New York Tribune*.)

ALBANY, April 5.—George R. Howell, State Archivist, died to-day of pneumonia.

George Rogers Howell was born at Southampton, N. Y., in 1833. He was educated at Yale, where he was graduated in 1859, and from Princeton Theological Seminary in 1864. For some time he was employed in ministerial work in Western New York. In 1865 he delivered the address at the celebration of the 225th anniversary of Southampton. "The Early History of Southampton, L. I., with Genealogies" was published in New York in 1866, and the second edition was issued in Albany in 1877. He was also the author of an extensive "History of Albany and Schenectady Counties." Yale University conferred on him the degree of M. A. in 1885.

In 1872 he was asked to take a place in the New York State Library, in order to study its wants and methods of administration, with a view to his being librarian later. Finally he was appointed to the place of State Archivist in the Library.

He was the author of a number of historical and scientific pamphlets, and contributed largely to various newspapers. He published also a number of papers in the transactions of the Albany Institute, including "Linguistic Discussions." "The Open Polar Sea," and "Heraldry in America." He was a man of much learning and considerable literary attainments. Mr. Howell was well known to the many people who frequent the State Library for the purpose of studying local history and genealogy. He was an authority on these subjects, and his broad knowledge was able to make the extensive collection of the library useful to readers.

His wife, Mary Seymour Howell, well known as a lecturer on the question of woman suffrage, survives him.

TABLET TO MR. HOWELL'S MEMORY.

The propriety of erecting to the memory of George R. Howell, an appropriate tablet in his native village, of Southampton, L. I., was fully recognized, and the following persons were contributors to the fund :

John Henry Hildreth,	Dr. G. G. Pierson,
Samuel L. Parrish,	Albert G. Post,
Egbert O. Ellsworth,	Egbert Howell,
William S. Pelletreau,	Mrs. Egbert Howell,
L. Emory Terry,	Edward P. Huntting,
Rev. Samuel E. Herrick, D. D.,	Sarah Cooper,
Mrs. Sophia F. Herrick,	Adelaide M. Sayre,
William H. Woolley,	Harriet I. Sayre,
James H. Pierson,	Louisa I. Sayre,
Edgar Hildreth,	John Scott,
Henry Hildreth,	Mrs. Mary A. Allen,
Henry F. Herrick,	W. O. H. Sheppard,
Mrs. Mary A. Herrick,	Edward R. Bishop,
Charles A. Jagger,	John Blizzard,
Ietur R. Rodgers,	Oscar Howell,
George H. Burling,	George R. Howell,
Mrs. Susan R. Herrick,	Charles Howell,
J. W. Fletcher Howell,	Robert Woodburn,
Wm. F. Halsey,	Wm. J. Post,
F. E. Aldrich,	Mr. Cameron.



IN MEMORY
OF
GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL
HISTORIAN
OF
SOUTHAMPTON.

BORN JUNE 15TH 1833

DIED APRIL 5TH 1899

A TRIBUTE OF HIS
FELLOW TOWNSMEN

YONKERS, April 20, 1901.

MRS. MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL,

Dear Madam:—Your letter of January 21, 1901, came duly to hand, since which time there has been no meeting of the New York Society of the Founders and Patriots to which I could present it, until last evening, when I was glad to present the matter and to dictate the action of the Society, which will be officially communicated to you.

You well know that I knew of the poem of your husband and the music, and I think also that he had actually sung it to me on one occasion in Albany, and it deeply touched me, for I had followed that flag on many battle fields. I am glad to know that it has been published, and if you will kindly let me know where I can obtain a copy, I shall be most happy to avail myself of the information.

Yours very truly,

RALPH E. PRIME.

NEW YORK, March 12, 1901.

MRS. MARY SEYMOUR HOWELL,

Dear Madam:—At the meeting of the Council General of the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, held on the 9th inst., being the first held since your communication to the Governor General was received, the following action was taken thereon:

"On motion of the Secretary General, seconded by associate Walter Collyer Faxon, it was unanimously

"*Resolved*, That we recognize the services rendered to our Order by associate George Rogers Howell, whose decease is deeply lamented by us, and we sanction the act of his widow, Mrs. Mary Seymour Howell, in dedicating to the Order of the Founders and Patriots of America, the patriotic poem written and set to music by her husband, entitled 'Hail to the Flag.'

"Upon further motion the Secretary General was instructed to in-

form Mrs. Howell of the action of the Council General, and to notify her that whatever copies of the aforesaid poem and music she wished to give to him for distribution among the officers and members of the General Court of our Order, would be received and distributed by him accordingly."

I have the honor to remain,

Very truly yours,

THEODORE FITCH,

Secretary General.

Hail to the flag.

Words and Music by GEORGE ROGERS HOWELL,
of N. Y. State Library, Albany, N.Y., 1898.

Hail to the flag that in triumph is waving,
Borne by our heroes on land and on sea,
Armies and Navies of foemen e'er braving,
Flag of the Union, the flag of the free :
Emblem of liberty,
Pledge of equality,
Millions stand ready to bear it full high,
When drum beats call to arms,
Bells ring out dread alarms,
Millions to guard it or fighting to die.

Strong is the tide of the flood from mid ocean,
Strong is the oak with its tempest-cut scars,
Stronger by far is our country's devotion,
Paid to Old Glory, the stripes and the stars :
See how its colors bright
Gleam in the morning light,
Shield to the weak, battle call to the brave,
Terror to tyrant wrong,
Protect it freemen strong,
Hope to the hopeless and freedom to slave.

FUNERAL OF GEO. R. HOWELL.

"HAIL TO THE FLAG," HIS OWN COMPOSITION, PLAYED
AT THE CHURCH SERVICES.

BODY TAKEN TO MT. MORRIS, WHERE MRS. HOWELL WILL MAKE HER
HOME.

[From *Albany Evening Journal*, April 7, 1899.]

The funeral of George Rogers Howell took place at 10 o'clock this morning in the Second Presbyterian church. The Rev. Dr. James H. Ecob officiated. Contrary to the usual custom the music was of a cheerful nature out of respect for the often expressed wish of Mr. Howell that no doleful music be played at his funeral.

The body rested in a plain black casket. The floral decorations were beautiful in their simplicity. They consisted of white lilies and palms, which were placed upon the casket. The bearers were: Stephen B. Griswold, William R. Eastman, Charles J. Buchanan, Melvil Dewey, Dr. Willis G. Tucker, Abraham Lansing, Dr. George E. Gorham, Andrew Colvin, Leonard Kip, and William Saxton.

After the singing of "Abide With Me" by the quartet, Dr. Ecob read the fourteenth chapter of John's gospel and the twenty-first chapter of the book of the Revelation, commenting on both comforting messages very freely. Prayer followed and then the hymn "Hark, Hark, My, Soul," was sung.

Dr. Ecob made a few remarks which were listened to with great attention. He said in part: "When one has lived the years of his strength and activity in our midst it is not our place

to attempt to go over year by year and deed by deed, for death is a stroke like a stroke of emphasis passed under the life. When we see it we are obliged to stop and think and make a summation of that life. When an inconsequential life goes out how painful it is to be able to sum up almost nothing! We pierce our hearts with the question: Why? When we find embodied in one man the characteristics of the strong, the pure and the just, how beautiful is that life! I want you, dear friends, to think of one who has passed on the spiritual side of life.

“People will not point to a large building and say: ‘He built that!’ They will not point to a large business and say that it was his. Oh, no, no, no! Our eyes have seen, our ears have heard within a few weeks what the world thinks of dreamers of dreams and seers of visions. The human heart knows too well the nature of its seers, dreamers and thinkers. Those who stand on the spiritual side of life—those are the influences that stand to-day, yesterday, and forever.

“Here is a man who spent all his life as a lover of books. He knew their very souls, not only their outward forms. What higher mission can come to any human being than to stand before the incoming generations and pass to them the things that are great? We stand before what is left of one who loved beauty. He sought in whatever form he might to express the beauty of God’s work. Here is one who loved music and these services will close with the playing of his last composition. He was so modest that we knew not his many and varied attainments. Who can measure the power of one who has stood on the spiritual side of life? To sit as a master and give out of

those spiritual attainments—that is a ministry worthy of an angel.

“When one has spent his life seeking after eternal beauty, life and power, with what abounding joy and triumph must he enter into eternal life! Into our books, our art, the thoughts of the great ones of the earth are sinking, to be kept forever that they may be given out to generations to come—that’s eternal life. As I said before, I can not tell you anything, you who have known the life of this son of God. Let us here, this morning, through that life as through a vista, see the things that await us. Let not your hearts grow dull toward these spiritual things. Soon we will be left with that which must constitute our only worth. Be rich toward God! Get hold of that present eternal life in Jesus Christ our Lord so that you may feel yourselves standing victors over the flying years.

“I have only a word of triumph and joy to the hearts of those who were closest to the one that has gone. ‘Come up higher, come up higher,’ is the message that has come to this house. May the spirit of comfort, revelation, truth and heavenly bliss take of the things of Jesus Christ and show them to our hearts.”

When Dr. Ecob had finished, the quartet sang “One Sweetly Solemn Thought.” While the friends of Mr. Howell were looking upon his face for the last time, Dr. Henry W. Giles, the organist, played softly the last composition referred to by Dr. Ecob, “Hail to the Flag.”

The body was taken to Mount Morris, N. Y., for burial. Mrs. Howell will live at Mount Morris with her mother. She does not expect to return to Albany.

THE LAST LOOK.

What seest thou, my precious dead!
 What speaks that wondrous smile upon thy face,
 That look of perfect peace and sweet content—
 Is it the holy calm of Heavenly grace?
 Is it the glorious light of God the Father,
 The blissful vision of the Redeemer, friend;
 The peace that passeth all our comprehension,
 The joys of Heaven that nevermore shall end?

Is all made clear, the wonder, doubt and mystery,
 Have all the shadows lifted, does the morning dawn?
 Is it the end of suffering, blinding tears and sorrow,
 The battle fought, a glorious victory won?
 The cross laid down, the crown attained,
 The ransomed spirit safely welcomed home,
 Seeing the streets of gold, the gates of pearl,
 The King in all His beauty on His throne?

Was it a sweet surprise to find in Death a friend,
 A trusted messenger direct from God to thee,
 To leave this still cold body on the earth
 And set thy glad immortal spirit free?
 What hearest thou, O placid dead!
 What soothing sounds have greeted thee above
 To give thy features that serene repose—
 Is it the Master's "still small voice" of Love?

The faithful soul's reward,—“well done;”
 The “Come ye blessed, enter into rest;”
 Or strains of music falling on thine ear,
 The songs of praise and worship of the blest?
 O peaceful dead! so stately, cold and still,
 From thy mute lips no answer comes to me.
 But that rare smile, more eloquent than words,
 Tells me thou art with God and all is well with thee.

WILLIAM BUTLER HARTÉ.



Seymour Howell '92.
Harvard University.

In Loving Memory



GEORGE SEYMOUR HOWELL

In Memoriam

GEORGE SEYMOUR HOWELL.

George Rogers Howell's only child was born at Oak Grove, in the village of Mount Morris, in the heart of the far famed valley of the Genesee and at its most beautiful and picturesque point, in an old mansion overlooking the valley towards Genesee, August 20th, 1869. This place was formerly the residence of the baby's great aunt, Mrs. Mary Seymour Hastings, the first wife of Judge George Hastings, and is now the residence of the latter's son, but which temporarily, for a few years only, was occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Howell.

The child was named George Seymour. Most of his life up to the year 1886 was passed in Albany, where his parents resided from a few years after his birth, but all of his summers were spent in Mount Morris at the home of Norman Seymour, his grandfather, where he was the delight and joy of the family circle. Possessed of an attractive, expressive and handsome face, even as a child, he was the favorite of everyone because of his bright, keen perceptions, joyous smile, and apt enjoyment of all the sports and pleasures of youth.

Everything he did or said was beguiling and said and done in an attractive way. He entered the Albany Academy, a famous and historic institution, in 1881 and took a prominent part in its military as well as its academic duties. Always keenly interested as a boy in everything military, he donned the

academy uniform at the age of twelve and in his carriage and action at that early age seemed every inch a soldier.

When he was sixteen years of age it was decided that he should enter Harvard University. His father was a graduate of Yale, but he left this decision to his son, who finally chose Harvard, largely on account of a number of his best friends in the academy going thither. Mr. Howell also felt that it was no harm to have his family identified with the two universities, though naturally preferring his own.

About this time it became necessary to select the school for his more immediate preparation for the collegiate entrance examination. Mrs. Howell went with him to Andover and looked over the ground there as well as at Exeter.

Finally in view of having the one precious child near to all who loved him, and considering that all places had some objections as well as great advantages, it was finally decided, in view of his general good scholarship and studious habits, that he could fit at the old Mount Morris Academy as well as anywhere, and this he did, living in his grandfather's family (Norman Seymour, Esq.), where he was doubly welcomed. These were happy years to all, and especially to young Howell, in the village and valley which he always deeply loved.

Here also he came under the sweet influence of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Frances Hale Seymour, then aged only about 45. Mrs. Seymour's maternal grandmother, Nancy Ralston, was a sister of the mother of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, and all the self-denying, unselfish and remarkable characteristics of her grandmother seemed to have reappeared in her. Of a most attractive personal appearance, with a deeply sympathetic, ardent and yet dignified nature, of a most intensely unselfish character, never once in all her life thinking of herself,



GEORGE SEYMOUR HOWELL

Æt. 13.

but only of her duty, refined and gentle yet of a deep and impulsive spirit, surely no promising grandson ever came to the home of so lovely and attractive a young grandmother, to the mutual happiness of both.

About this time it was decided, on account of the inconvenience in the family of having two "Georges," to drop his given name. This was done rather than adopt the style of the so called splitting his name in the middle, and therefore from his seventeenth birthday, on which, at a family dinner, he was given a watch, and in a serious yet witty speech, renamed Seymour Howell, by which name he matriculated at Harvard in the fall of 1888.

He drew rooms in Stoughton Hall, and although one of the old and somewhat run down Harvard dormitories, he determined to keep the suite and loved the building for its history and location on the College Square.

He took at once quite a prominent position in his class, which had over 300 members. He was elected President of the Freshman Glee Club, and sang for a time in the University Glee Club, and was a member of the institute of 1770.

His course at Harvard was marked by all the pleasant and interesting events of the keen and popular participant in student life, of study time and vacation, when the blood is ardent, and life is full of hope, and the bloom is on the rye. His Christmas vacation was always partially spent with his uncle, Mr. Henry H. Seymour, of Buffalo, who idolized him, and his was a familiar face at the annual ball of the Buffalo Club between the holidays, which is given at that time so the various collegiate undergraduates can be present.

At the end of his sophomore year, young Howell and his father sailed for Europe, where they spent the summer in travel.

They crossed to Antwerp on the Waesland of the American line, formerly the Russia of the Cunard line, which was sunk in collision in the Irish Sea in February, 1902, and returned on the Berlin, of the Inman line just in time for his junior year, in October, 1890. His Christmas vacation he spent as usual in Albany, Mount Morris and Buffalo, returning to Cambridge the second week in January, 1891, which, awful as is the thought, he was never to leave alive.

On February 21st he was taken with those terrible pains which in that year did not indicate as clearly as now the approach or presence of appendicitis.

After three days of suffering in his apartments where he had prompt but imperceptive medical attendance, he was removed to the Cambridge Hospital, which had only been shortly opened. There for about a week he remained, his mother and father and trained nurses with him, in but little pain but with a septic temperature, yet the medical staff did not deem an operation necessary until too late. When it was done it was performed by Dr. John Homans, Boston's most famous surgeon.

The dear and blessed child still lingered four days, and on the 9th day of March, 1891, when Seymour Howell, or "dear Georgie" as he was always called in the home circle, closed his eyes upon this to him dear and lovely world, one of the sweetest and choicest of nature's human flowers was plucked and gathered, for no purpose that the stricken ones could or can discover, save that some unerring law caught him in an unguarded moment. He died at a quarter to midnight in that lone hospital still surrounded by the snows of winter, while a gale howling around the building, which is in a distant part of Cambridge, made that awful night of anguish and physical discomfort a memorable one even in this world of suffering and desolation.

By his dying bedside were his father and mother, and his uncles, Edward Chase Seymour, of Mount Morris, and Henry H. Seymour, of Buffalo. The funeral exercises were held the following noon in the Appleton Memorial Chapel and at 3 o'clock that afternoon the train left Boston with the precious body and the crushed little band of broken hearts.

Mount Morris was reached via Rochester the next morning at 11 o'clock. On the 12th of March, 1891, the dearly loved body was consigned to the grave on a beautiful hillside of the beautiful valley it had loved so well. The funeral services were held in St. John's Church, in the choir of which young Howell used to love to sing while he was fitting for college, the Rev. Charles Ricksecker, rector.

In this church a beautiful stained glass window has been erected to his memory by his mother, of whom it should be said that during every hour of her son's life she devoted every thought of her intense and impulsive nature. No child ever received more complete and, even it might be said, unreasoning devotion, but it was the care and devotion of a nobly unselfish and great hearted character.

This window is a reproduction of Raphael's Saint Michael, and in the face of Raphael's beautiful and youthful Saint, one seems to see the type that this sketch tries to present. Beneath the inscription are the following words, which our young Endymion so often used to love to hum or repeat:

"In Te Domine Speravi non confundar in Aeternum."

In the Campo Santo at Genoa, and at Pisa, in cathedrals and cemeteries all over the world are reared monuments expressing to the beholder the grief of parents, the agonizing sorrow of loved ones over the loss of some only child, the very finest blossom on some family tree. In all ages and in all lands:

this cruel loss has fallen, and its grief has found expression in the literature and sculpture of the Past. Why is it so? Why does it never cease? Why is the one fair flower so often gathered in its budding? Why this endless roll of misery's drum?

It is because the blow falls owing to some scientific law, with scientific precision, and it falls alike upon the quiver that is full, and upon the quiver that has but one choice, beautiful, perfect arrow, if the arrow comes within the operation of one of nature's laws—for nature, caring everything for the specie and absolutely nothing for the individual is inexorable, deaf, dumb and blind.

George Seymour Howell was, as his pictures show him, handsome, bright, mobile, attractive and even noble. Six feet tall, with a fresh blooming complexion, a keen and ardent smile, a winning manner, a spirit manly and lofty, of perfect rectitude of mind and character, an athlete in all sports, possessing the splendid combination of scholar and sportsman and excelling with both; the only male child coming up in his grandfather's family of four children; in physique and character all that could be longed for in the family circle for an ideal child. Dear, dear, Georgie! What can we say of you more than this—that eleven long years have passed since your bright career was so untimely brought to an end—eleven years since in horror and amazement and rebellion to the death, against Fate we had to see you disappear; and yet today the grief, the sense of utter loss is still keen; still we recall your deep charm of voice and manner and spirit; still deeply cuts the cruel knife; still no one has taken your place, and the many hopes that lie buried in your grave still furnish food for the tears and sighs of the silent hours of the day and night.

Here, then, at the close of this imperfect sketch of you,

gifted, high minded and splendid as you were, gay and eager and full of life, the only other brief thing we can say is to quote the words cut upon your footstone below the words "Pax Aeterna" in the imperishable granite of the noble sarcophagus at your head :

"Died in college in his junior year in the buoyancy of youth and hope. Earth's cares had not changed nor Time's vicissitudes chilled the impulses of his earnest and lofty nature."

BUFFALO, June 1, 1902.

UNCLE HENRY.

The following taken from the *Harvard Crimson* of March 11th, 1891, the college daily, shows the action taken by the class of '92:

SEYMOUR HOWELL.

Seymour Howell, of the class of '92, died on Monday night at the Cambridge Hospital. Two weeks ago he was taken ill with what seemed but a slight disorder of the stomach. Getting no better, however, during the following three days, he was removed to the Cambridge hospital, where an inflammation of the vermiform appendix soon developed. His parents were summoned from their home in Albany and consented, as a last resort, to a dangerous operation. Dr. Homans, the eminent surgeon, whose specialty is the operation for peritonitis, was called in and for a few days it seemed as if his skill had arrested further progress of the disease. Sunday, however, it became evident that the insidious inflammation had again set in and all hope was given up. Up till the last Howell was conscious and suffered great pain, which he endured with a remarkable courage. He realized that his chance for life was very small; but fought desperately with the growing weakness until Monday night, when his system, utterly depleted, could bear the strain no longer.

Brief but impressive funeral services were held at Appleton Chapel yesterday at half after twelve o'clock. Almost all the members of the junior class and many others in the University were present. Rev. Wm. Lawrence, assisted by Rev. Professor Francis G. Peabody, read the Episcopal burial service, and offered prayer. The choir, made up partly from members of the old '92 glee club and partly from the students of the chapel choir, sang "Abide With Me," and "Angels of Light." The pallbearers were E. F. Fitzhugh, '91, H. R. Allen, '92, W. H. Gratwick, Jr., '92, R. M. Gillespie, '92, David Gray, '92, and Herman Gade, '93.

Seymour Howell was born at Mount Morris, in the Genesee Valley, New York, August 20th, 1869. His preparation for Harvard was begun in Albany, his home for the greater part of his life, and completed with tutors at a family country place in Mt. Morris.

The nature of college life, which leads a man into so many new friendships upon entering the University, naturally makes the short period in his life during which we have known him of principal interest to us. Howell was president of the '92 Freshman glee club and sang for

a time on the University glee club. He was a member of the Institute of 1770. It is difficult to sum up the qualities of a man familiarity with whom is apt to blind the perception of those traits which would be apparent to a stranger. All those who knew Howell slightly will remember him first, probably, for his courteous manner and kind-hearted disposition. To those, and there are many, who knew him intimately there will be an ever growing realization of his honorable and manly character.

It is impossible to grade the intellectual promise of a man but half-way on the road to the bachelor's degree. Howell in his college work stood above the average but preferred to devote rather more time to reading and general mental culture than was compatible with the highest rank of scholarship. In many respects he was the typical Harvard man. First of all a gentleman, with that innate good breeding which made his company a pleasure, and with that high sense of personal dignity and honor which commanded the respect of all those who were thrown in with him. Well read, with broad sympathies, a high sense of the humorous, a sincere and true friend, he was a fellow that will be missed the more as wider experience shows us the scarcity of men of his stamp. The crowded daily life of the University leaves little place for death in our minds. And the death so sudden and unexpected of one of us who lived our life so thoroughly can not be truly realized until time shall have impressed upon us the fact that his absence is forever. Until the class of '92 becomes like him a memory, his name will be held in sincere and high regard.

EDITORIAL.

We can say nothing to lighten the sorrow of those upon whom the death of our collegemate falls heaviest. But in offering our sincere sympathy to his family and intimate friends, we want to tell them how large was the place which he occupied in our hearts. Although he never brought himself forward as a leader in college affairs, he was widely known in his class, and highly esteemed by all those with whom he came in contact. The regard and love which they had for him was shown by their constant care during his illness: by their common sympathy at the last opportunity given to show him respect.

To-night the junior class will meet to take some appropriate action on his death. Resolutions are at best full of form, and but feeble expres-

sions of real feeling. The large attendance of the class, however, will go to show that the sympathy which it offers is as general as it is heartfelt.

RESOLUTIONS.

The junior class held a meeting last night in Lower Massachusetts to take action upon the death of Seymour Howell. The following resolutions which had been prepared by a committee appointed for the purpose consisting of David Gray, T. G. Bremer, and H. R. Allen, were read and unanimously adopted; and the class secretary was instructed to send a copy of them to the family.

In behalf of the class of Ninety-two, moved with a deep and sincere sorrow by the death of Seymour Howell, who for more than two years filled an honorable and familiar place in our life, we wish publicly to express, as far as possible by words, some sense of our appreciation of his worth and manly qualities and of our deep regret for his loss.

It is our sad duty to attempt to communicate to those upon whom the blow of his death has fallen with even greater weight than upon us, his fellows, some idea of the deep sympathy which we have for them in their sudden and overwhelming trouble.

Although we recognize the formality and coldness of such expressions, it is our desire to utilize this, our last opportunity of publicly honoring his memory, by making known the height of the esteem in which we held him. We knew him intimately; and the warmth of our regard for him ever heightened as the length of our acquaintance with him increased. The end of this acquaintance has come and we recognize that our loss is irreparable.

NEAL RANTOUL, President.

DAVID GRAY.

THEODORE G. BREMER.

HORACE R. ALLEN, JR.

Committee for the Junior Class.

NATIONAL WOMAN'S CHRISTIAN TEMPERANCE UNION.

(Dictated).

171 Ocean Ave.,

DEAREST MRS. HOWELL: ATLANTIC CITY, N. J., May 3, 1897.

That picture of your son is ideal,—I have it up before me on my dressing-bureau and think so often of you and your great heartache, but “he is not here, he is arisen”—just as we all shall—into the higher life. You could say nothing of me that I could not repeat with emphasis of you, dearest. Somehow we were congenial—that was the “long and short of it.” We shall have a great deal of time in which to talk it over, that happy meeting in Castile,—indeed is it not good to think that we shall have “all the time there is.” I am not very strong and Anna and I came here to try the sea air.

Believe me,

Yours with ever tender remembrances,

SISTER FRANCES.

(FRANCES E. WILLARD.)

(President of N. W. C. T. U.)

ST. PAUL'S SOCIETY.

HARVARD COLLEGE.

At a meeting of St. Paul's Society in Harvard College, held on Wednesday evening, March eleventh, eighteen hundred and ninety-one, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

We, the members of St. Paul's Society, feeling that we have lost a valued companion and an esteemed and faithful friend in Seymour Howell, who has been so suddenly taken from us, do hereby wish to express to his parents our heartfelt sympathy in their sorrow. His high sense of honor, his sterling integrity, and his cheerful, kindly nature endeared him to all who were fortunate enough to be associated with him, and will cause him to be sincerely missed; therefore,

RESOLVED, That the expression of our sorrow and sympathy be placed upon the records of the Society.

Resolved, That we send a copy of the same to the parents of Seymour Howell.

101 Brattle Street,
CAMBRIDGE, March 16, 1891.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL:

You and your husband have been so often in my thoughts that I cannot help writing you this letter. For that week which was so terrible to you has left its mark upon us who were here. I have seen sorrow and tragic deaths, but none that have gone to my heart like that of your boy, and I want you to realize that the sympathy of many officers and students of the college of whom you have not heard went out to you during that week. They would have come up to the hospital but knowing that he was in good hands they felt it would be more kind to stay away. And, so far as the college was represented, they felt that as I, who am also an officer of the University, was there frequently it would be best to send no other officer, tho' Prof. Peabody called, I believe, several times and would have gladly done anything in his power. The six hundred or more students in the chapel, the exceptional stopping of all lectures, (which, however, will probably always be done hereafter) the choir of students and the deep sympathy of all must have suggested to you that tho' Cambridge will be forever associated with the saddest days of your life, it contains hearts that send out to you all the expressions of deepest sympathy, and of regard for your boy who has so endeared himself to those who knew him.

I know that you will not forget, too, those touching words of his which you repeated to me—that in any great sorrow which might come, you would not allow yourself to be broken in hope, faith and helpfulness to others. Revere his memory, my dear Mrs. Howell, by trying to meet and carry the heavy grief in the same helpful spirit that he would have carried his, and in the strength of the great Master, walk in His path of

the Cross. May God lift up his countenance upon you, your husband and your brothers, and give you peace.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM LAWRENCE,
(Bishop of Massachusetts.)

5 Berkeley Street,
BOSTON, MARCH 13, 1891.

DEAR MRS. HOWELL:

Although I am an entire stranger to you, and it may seem almost wrong to intrude upon your terrible grief at this time, even with words of sympathy, yet I feel as if I must express to you how all our hearts have ached for you and Mr. Howell, ever since we read in our morning paper the sad news of the death of your son. Mr. Howell will recall the happy days we passed together at Bonn, the charming Rhine trip, the pleasant excursion at Heidelberg, and the meeting again at Interlaken. Over those bright memories has come a dark shadow, and it hardly seems possible that the frank, manly, courteous and winning youth, to whom we were all so much attracted, has gone from us, and from our knowledge.

I know how utterly feeble and powerless human sympathy seems, at a time when even the love and the pity of God can hardly be realized, but it is a comfort to be able to utter such sympathy, especially when it goes from the heart of one mother to another, and this is why I have ventured to write to you.

We confess with our lips, and I think we really believe in our hearts that when they go from our care and love they go to a better teaching, to a larger knowledge, to a greater opportunity for service, and that they are safe with Him; but when the

time comes, how hard it must be to realize and live in the truth of that faith we have all our lives held.

My daughter and I sent your son an invitation to a reception we had in January, which I trust he received. My daughter was much disappointed at not seeing him there. With our kindest regards and deep sympathy to Mr. Howell, I am

Very truly yours,

ANNA F. HILL.

CAMBRIDGE, June 12, 1891.

DEAR MRS. HOWELL:

If I should attempt to make you understand in words how much I value the photographs of my dear friend Seymour, I should certainly fail. I will therefore only beg you to be assured that the likenesses will always accompany me through life and remain treasured, loved and revered. Since calling back to my mind a friend whom I loved in higher degree than any other man and whose loss, at first a terrible blow, daily makes itself more mournful and lamentable, how many hundreds of times have I not recalled, with soul all aching, every word that passed between us! For every interview with him only made me treasure his friendship all the more and desire more intimate acquaintance with his noble and manly character. To have known him is a great privilege, and his never ceasing considerateness and unselfishness cannot but be a living example, though he, dear fellow, has left us.

You therefore understand how much I prize these reminders of my friend; and may, therefore, the satisfaction of know-

ing this be some slight recompense for the trouble you have taken.

You are in good health, I trust, and Mr. Howell is also well, I trust. I would very much like to see you again and tell you in detail what a fine comrade we had in Seymour.

Remember me, please, kindly to Mr. Howell and to your brothers. To yourself I send an affectionate greeting.

Cordially yours,

FREDERICK HERMAN GADE,

(Classmate.)

183 Commonwealth Avenue.

BOSTON, May 25, 1891.

DEAR MRS. HOWELL:

Very often since your sore bereavement, it has been in my heart and mind to tell you how truly my wife and I had grieved with Mr. Howell and yourself. We, too, have known what it is to lay earth's dearest hopes in the dust.

Your son was with us familiarly and we had all learned to appreciate his manly and gentle qualities, his sweetness and his truth; and we understand what your pang must be in giving him up. Time will help you and eternity will cure you.

With best regards to Mr. Howell,

Yours sincerely,

W. D. HOWELLS.

(The author.)

13 KIRKLAND STREET, CAMBRIDGE.

MY DEAR MRS. HOWELL :

I have just come across from the service at the Chapel, where so many hearts were aching for you and longing to be able to show you some sympathy. We have felt much for you and with you during the last week, and watched every change with the greatest anxiety and hope. I did not go to see you, for Mr. Peabody was at the hospital several times without seeing you and thought it kinder not to intrude upon you while you were so very anxious. I had hoped that in a few days all would be bright and that we could be of some service to you. I want to thank you for having the service in the Chapel today, for Mr. Peabody ordered all recitations to stop from twelve until one o'clock, so that all your son's friends and classmates might be with you at that hour, and perhaps the solemnity of that hour may bring some young man to himself, and make him realize what his life means.

I hope you will pardon my intruding upon you with these few lines, but I cannot bear to have you leave our college without knowing how much sympathy there has been for you, and how much we should have liked to do for you if there had been any way in which we could have been of use.

With deep sympathy from Mr. Peabody, believe me,

Very truly yours,

CORA W. PEABODY.

TUESDAY.



GEORGE SEYMOUR HOWELL

Æt. 7.

5 Berkeley Street

CAMBRIDGE, Mass., March 18, '91.

MY DEAR MR. HOWELL :

I cannot help writing you a few lines to tell you how deeply I feel with you in your great sorrow.

Seymour was more than a friend to me, we shared our little troubles together, and from him I always got my best advice.

Perhaps no one in college saw the inner workings of Seymour's character as I did. I watched him through that most trying period of a college man's life when many a fellow stops a while to lead a life of pleasure. Seymour, as he was courteous and good-natured to all, became popular among the social element of our class, and he had every temptation to "enjoy life" as it is called. While he thoroughly enjoyed life in his own way he came out of that period unscathed and stronger morally than many a man who had no such opportunities of seeing the world.

Seymour was liked by *all* that knew him, but few I think saw what a strong sense of right had gradually moulded his character during his college life. For his sound counsel and sympathetic advice I shall ever be grateful and his memory will be the dearest of my college days.

I feel a yearning, Mr. Howell, to express my sympathy in some way, but words will not reproduce my thoughts.

If I can do anything for you in Cambridge, I should be most happy, and believe me ever,

Very sincerely yours,

ROBERT I. CARTER.

(Classmate.)

EVANSTON, September 23, 1892.

MY DEAR FRIEND:

I trust you are safe home, and regaining whatever nervous force was lost in the fretting and teasing illness of your westward journeyings.

I could not enter into your consciousness of sore grief as I might have done had I had time to sit down and think of the loss you have sustained, the height and depth, the fullness of it.

To measure, I mean, the fact that old fashioned death had come and paralyzed your dreams of joy; spoiled your earthly heaven, and upon the brow of your beautiful boy set the seal of his undisturbed repose.

You told me of it and I was shocked and stunned for you. But I tell thee, Mary, 'tis not the wisest, is it, to dwell upon even the blessed and blissful theme of *immortality*?

I believe it, and I know like the sister of Lazarus, "our brother shall rise again." But after all there is something beautiful in the resignation that leaves all with *Him*, our *Father*.

Something sweet in getting away from the past and giving ourselves to the future—something helpful, in resigning our dead and turning, to clasp the crying wants and needs of others. I do not endorse it all, and yet that was sweet that our good old vocalist, James G. Clark, used to sing: "Lay him low."

I love to think of the disembodied life, the freed and emancipated soul, going whither it will and near, at need, if we desire. But I could not bear that my blessed mother should ever see or know my tears, feel my sorrows, share my pain. I think I, as a spirit, would be just like my old self, in sympathy

with woe, indignant at wrong, and fretting, to break the chains of my best beloved, if such they were.

I write thus, of course, to get you back to the great problems and tangles which human fingers must untie and solve. Don't give up your work. Hold to the rope that keeps thy barque near shore, for the night is yet dark, the lights are fickle and so feeble, and, call it what we may, there has been a wreck of some sort, amid the ships.

The world needs us. Needs you, and the highest joy is in doing. The best that any of us can do is to hide the burden, repress the cry of the heart, and in heroic faith press on. I can sympathize at times even with a generous pessimist. There are moments when, to me, this world seems organized upon a plan of consummate cruelty,—tears, alienations, hunger, bitterness and loss. But I think again it must be so in a world organized, on the other hand, for such keenness and exquisiteness of enjoyment. It is only the rough hands of the unskilled, upon the instrument so fine that gives vibration of pain. But I find the good old faith of my mother a great help to me.

* * * *

But, enough, of moralizing. I hope you are to be strong and well again, and that you and your bereaved husband will find compensations for this terrible loss in the joy of going toward the glad sunset of His eternal peace. Joy, too, in work and task for others. It is hard for you both, and you are to have the dearest sympathy that earth hearts can offer.

My work crowds me and pushes to the extreme. Do you see the Union Signal? Did you get a copy of my address at Madam Willard's funeral? Tell your mother not to be jealous, for I remember her, too, as such a *good friend* of the boy pastor. I can see you three, now, in that front pew of the old

Mt. Morris Church—yourself, mother, and the fair-faced baby-boy, George, looking at me like one of Raphael's cherubs.

What a change! And we are old, I guess, and not far over the hill there is the twilight, the night, the rest and calm of God, for us.

Brave, strong helper you must bestir yourself. Arise and go forth to nobler things. Let me hear that this gets to you, that you are better, and nerving yourself for the battles yet to be. Love to your people, and a brother's remembrance to *him*.

Affectionately,

REV. H. A. DELANO, D. D.

(A Baptist clergyman of Chicago, since deceased.)

ALBANY, N. Y., March 11, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. AND MRS. HOWELL:

Permit my wife and me to sympathize with you in this your great bereavement and sorrow. We knew Seymour from boyhood, loved him dearly, and had great hopes of his success and usefulness in the world.

It is satisfactory to realize at this time, that for no act of your son's would mourning be appropriate. May God bless you both. Be stout-hearted, and bear in mind that repining will not restore the dear boy to you.

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES J. BUCHANAN.

ALBANY, March 11, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. HOWELL:

I cannot tell you how shocked and pained I was to see this morning the announcement of your son's death. Though I knew him but slightly, I had formed the highest opinion of him and know how fond must have been the hopes of his father and mother for his success and usefulness in life. But, alas! how little we can foresee what is to happen to ourselves or our children. Mrs. Hale joins me in assurances of our deep sympathy with you and Mrs. Howell in this *unspeakable* affliction.

Very truly yours,

MATTHEW HALE.

(Deceased.)

ALBANY, March 12, 1891.

MY DEAR MR. HOWELL:

I cannot refrain from expressing to you the sorrow which I feel in the loss which you have sustained.

I will always dwell with most pleasant recollections upon the brief acquaintance which, through your kindness, it was my privilege to have with your son, and I offer to you and Mrs. Howell, my most sincere sympathy in your great sorrow,

Truly yours,

ABRAHAM LANSING.

(Deceased.)

MR. GEORGE R. HOWELL.

FROM HIS FATHER.

MY DEAR WIFE:

ALBANY, April 1, 1891.

Your last letter made me sad to read, as it shows your grief to be inconsolable. * * *

About Seymour's death, I could not go on and work if I did not think of something else. I feel this way—it was providential—determined upon—not merely permitted—by the Almighty for some wise, good and benevolent purpose that we cannot now understand, but which will be evident in the other life. I feel that God is infinitely wise and infinitely good and benevolent, and therefore when a case like our dear boy's occurs way beyond human help, and brought on by no known violation of the laws that govern the health of the body, I feel that God's hand is reached out to accomplish a wise and benevolent result. I don't know now what result, but bow in submission and faith that it is somehow for the best. And then I try to forget the scenes of the sad week and the funeral, and take up life again. But I am thankful that we were permitted to be with our dear son in his last illness and to comfort and sustain him and minister to his wants. We know that in all his life he has had all his wants supplied, and has been trained in his intellectual and moral life so as to make the best possible man, and that that good, pure life must go on in a glorified state. What need had the Lord of him in the other world? I don't know. We are on the wrong side of the piece of embroidery (human life) to understand it. We shall have to wait till we get to the eternity side, and then there will be design, symmetry and divine benevolence in the web of life.

My heart goes out to you a thousand times a day with love and longings to comfort you. So many send love to you, I can't keep the run of them.

Yours lovingly,

GEORGE.

AWAY.

"I can not say, and I will not say
That he is dead—he is just away.

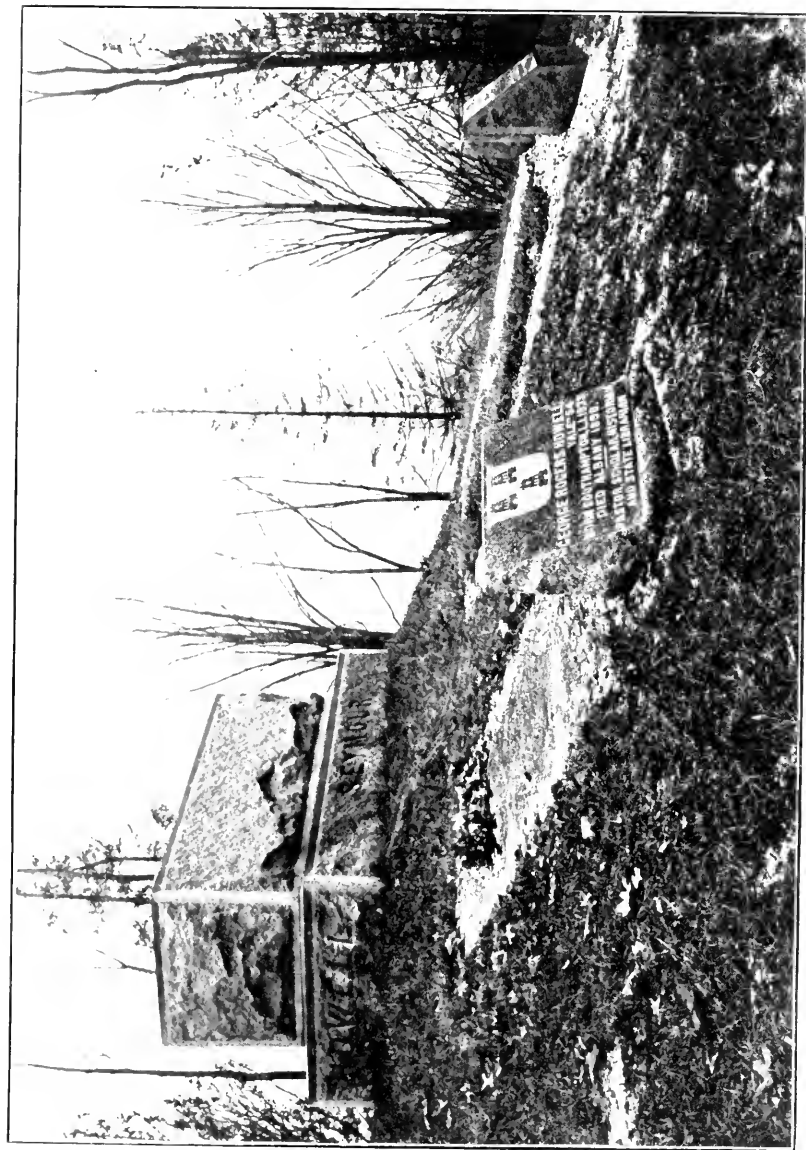
With a cheery smile, and a wave of the hand
He has wandered into an unknown land,

And left us dreaming how very fair
It needs must be since he lingers there.

And you—O you, who the wildest yearn
For the old-time step and the glad return—

Think of him faring on, as dear
In the love of There as the love of Here;

Think of him still as the same, I say:
He is not dead—he is just away."



TOMB OF GEORGE R. HOWELL AND SON,
Mount Morris, Livingston Co., N.Y.



JAN 13 1989

